

ested organizations should bring moral pressure to bear upon the situation in order to remedy the glaring evil in higher education.

A FORTRESS DIVINE

The heart pulses and thrills
 At its sight:
 Nowhere in the world
 Can anything be so fair,
 For it *is* the world;
 It is fairer than the sun,
 Yet it *is* the sun;
 It is fairer than the sky,
 Yet it *is* the sky . . .
 And the rose and the tree
 And the rolling lawn.

In it I see a dove,
 Slow and at the same time swift,
 Innocent yet somehow knowing,
 Priceless . . .
 So precious that one dare not clutch,
 Dare not hold too fast
 For fear of smothering it,
 Choking it out . . .
 When present sadness and joy suffuse
 The soul,
 The feet run and skip and hop
 . . . or they freeze to the earth
 Unable to move.

Next to its blaze,
 Sunsets lack in color.
 Some die for it,
 But I would rather live for it
 And in living
 Exalt it.

Blessed be the man
 Who knows
 Yet would not speak of it
 To those who know not,
 For they would think him insane . . .
He who is the sane one,
They who are the dead.

How can I tell you,
 I, who am so young?
 How would I know . . .
 Is not my mind as clear glass to yours?
Nevertheless I claim to have seen and known . . .
To see and know
The most beautiful thing in this world.

If it be false
It is a thousand times cursed.
 If it be genuine
It is a thousand times blessed.
Have you never known
Love?

—LEDONNA BOUKES

I Couldn't Call

Sandra Cheney

IT'S A beautiful Saturday night. Snowflakes pepper the windows and melt almost instantly. The earth looks white and fluffy like a chocolate cake with white frosting. Outside the trees glisten mysteriously. Sleek cars slide by on glassy streets! The world is as silent as the fieldhouse an hour after the game.

Last Thursday was a night just like tonight. After our victory over Podunk Center, the fellas and I called the evening quits by celebrating over cherry cokes and pretzels. We had finally beaten Podunk. It was a close one. The coach used me throughout the game 'cause two of the regular players were ill. Everyone said that I played a terrific game. I tried to play my very best because I knew she would be watching.

She was there! I hoped she would be impressed by me. I sighted her immediately in the midst of the crowd. She always looks like a doll. I can tell she brushes her hair a lot. It always looks so shiny and fluffy as it lies softly on her shoulders. She's about the best dressed girl in the whole school, too. Maybe she noticed that I played a lot in this game.

The fellas thought I was out of it 'cause I didn't want to hash over the game, so they left. I was too excited to hit the hay so I decided to go skating. She might be there; that's why I wanted to go. I had put on my new red wool ivy leagues that Mom bought the other day. They'll feel good, I thought, 'cause it's almost a mile to the old shanty, and the winter wind can nip like a playful pup. I couldn't find my red ear muffs, so I had borrowed Dad's Sunday-best wool neck-scarf. I knew I would be home before he was; I pulled it tighter around my neck.